

WOMEN ASSEMBLE IN HOLLAND

FROM TWENTY-THREE LANDS TO DISCUSS SUFFRAGE.

International Congress Opens in Amsterdam Tomorrow—Programme of the Meeting—Religious Side of Woman Suffrage Brought to the Fore.

AMSTERDAM, June 6.—It is not the Dutch but the women who have taken Holland. To the capital of the Netherlands, bearing the imprint of centuries, have journeyed the most modern and progressive women of twenty-three countries, reaching around the globe, with the avowed object of upsetting traditions, overturning the established methods of government and changing the decrees of Church and State. And over a thousand people in Amsterdam and its vicinity have paid five florins apiece to see them do it.

The Dutch are a brave and fearless race, who have in times past put England, Spain and France to rout, so they do not regard this latest invasion with alarm. The new woman here is no longer looked upon as a novelty, a joke or a menace, and the several hundred delegates and alternates to the congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance which opens June 15 will find that they have little to teach, but perhaps much to learn.

The women of Holland are well organized for many different purposes. The National Suffrage Society is fourteen years old and

fluential organization of home and foreign sisters, has made application for 100 seats. There is no longer any opposition from the secular press to woman suffrage, and many of the papers speak strongly in favor of enfranchising women and have given a large amount of space to the approaching congress.

An exception must be made of the Socialist papers, which, although theoretically in favor, are hostile to the present movement, declaring that its promoters are demanding the franchise for women on the same terms as now exercised by men are asking only for "lady suffrage." The Catholic press is almost unanimously opposed.

On the first evening the entire Concert Gebouw will be thrown open for a reception to enable the season ticket holders, who are called members of the congress, to meet the distinguished visitors. One room will be set apart for this, the big auditorium will be transformed into a banquet hall, and on the stage during the evening a number of young men and women in native costume will illustrate the national dance. Before the banquet begins another group of young people, these from The Hague, will give a very clever play, called "The Council of the Gods," having for its theme the rights of women.

One feature of the programme seems rather odd to those of us from the United States, a whole afternoon devoted to a discussion of "Woman Suffrage from the Standpoint of Christians," an effort to show that it is not antagonistic to Christianity.

being arrested and sent to jail, catches the night boat and makes the eleven-hour journey in safety she will put on her clerical robe and preach the much advertised sermon. Meanwhile there are some anxious hearts in Amsterdam.

One subject which a large number of those who are to take part in the congress were determined to have on the programme it was absolutely necessary to rule off of it entirely—"Shall we ask for universal suffrage or only for the franchise on the same terms as it is granted to men in the different countries?"

This in itself seems simple enough, but it would disrupt the convention. The great struggle now going on in half the countries of Europe is to secure universal suffrage for men, and in all of them are many persons of influence who would be willing to see the same classes of women have the franchise as if men who now possess it, but would bitterly oppose any further extension of these classes. The Socialists in all of these countries are determined that the vote shall go to all men and shall do so only through a demand for universal suffrage which shall include all men and all women.

The more conservative women say: "Now is not the time for us to enter that struggle. It is our business to ask only for the same rights that men possess, and after we get these we shall then be in a position to join them in whatever further demands are necessary." The feeling on this point is so intense it will be impossible to keep it from coming up on the floor of

THEY'RE ALL PUTTING 'EM ON

AND ALL ALLEGE THE PAJAMAS ARE FOR BROTHER.

Good Reason, It Seems, Why Women Should Buy the Pajamas in the Men's Department—Argument—When They Take the First Plunge—The Married Ones.

"They're just puttin' 'em on," observed the salesman in the men's furnishing goods department.

The customer at the necktie counter glanced after the two young women who were disappearing through the doorway.

"Puttin' them on?" he said inquiringly.

"Pajamas," explained the salesman.

The customer looked again.

"The-or-familiar symptoms," he remarked discreetly, "do not seem to be present. Your diagnosis may be correct, although—"

The expression of suspicious resentment in the salesman's countenance warned the customer that there is a place for all things, and that the necktie counter is not the best locality for an indulgence in persiflage.

"I don't see any pajamas," he made haste to explain, "and I certainly don't see anybody putting 'em on."

"Oh!" said the mollified salesman, "I meant that I've just sold them young ladies their first pajamas. Of course they give us the same old song 'n' dance about buyin' 'em for their brother; and could I tell 'em what size to get for their brother that's about as tall as they are, and could they bring 'em back and change 'em if they don't fit their brother, and all that sort of thing. But I know 'em."

"They're all like that at first, but they get over it. Why, the heart to heart talks I have even had with women about choosing their pajamas would make your grandmother turn somersaults in her grave."

"Well, I dunno about that either. The way the women of all ages are takin' to pajamas it won't be long before your grandmother'll be wearin' 'em too if she ain't in her grave already."

"Excuse these blunders," said the customer. "Being merely a man and a bachelor, who has no facilities for extended heart to heart talks such as these your own existence, I seize this opportunity to inquire who—in a general way, of course—who is putting 'em on?"

"Why don't you ask me who ain't?"

"Well," said the customer, "I seem to feel less interest on that point, but since you prefer it I will inquire as you suggest, who ain't putting 'em on?"

"Well," said the salesman, "I don't know of any other than the married women. I mean the married women who are already wearing 'em. I mean the married women who are already wearing 'em. I mean the married women who are already wearing 'em."

"Of course there's a few of 'em who are school-girls wearin' 'em," he began. "Some of 'em buy their own, but mostly their mothers do the buyin'." An' say, the mothers are awful funny.

"Some of 'em don't approve of it a little bit. Not on your life. But the girls get around 'em somehow, an' so mamma comes in lookin' about as happy as a tabby cat tryin' to bring up a grown puppy."

"And then there's a few young ladies, the kind that are in society and choosin' their own pajamas. An' there's every other kind of single female from little kiddies to old maids and widows. The pajamas market is a big one, an' it may be that the married women are sufferin' from the same attack, but if they are they've got me better fooled than the rest."

"You see the married women have been comin' in and buyin' pajamas for their husbands and their sons so long that they can get a few extra suits without makin' any explanation to anybody. An' maybe they do. You can't prove it by me."

"You mean that the married women buy their own pajamas without turnin' a hair. That is if they do buy 'em."

"Then you believe that the married women are the only ones who have respected our sacred rights of bifurcation?" inquired the customer.

"Well," the salesman hesitated. "I wouldn't say so to that. But, if I listened to get on to finer ground, 'when it comes to pajamas they're all the same. It may be that the married women are sufferin' from the same attack, but if they are they've got me better fooled than the rest."

"Now you know that's an interesting point," he explained. "The married women put in a supply of pajamas made especially for women. They were upstairs in the ladies' underwear, with saleable and everything like that."

"But there's a funny thing we've found out in our business, and that is that as soon as you begin to have a garment made especially for women you'll get poorer material, poorer workmanship and a bigger price. What I mean is that the same material and the same class and amount of work a lady's shirtwaist will cost 50 per cent. more than a man's shirt, an' it's the same with pajamas. For the same price a man's suit is better made and of better material than a woman's."

"The women soon found this out. They stopped buying in the ladies' underwear and came down to the general furnishing line. The department upstairs got left with a whole lot of pajamas they couldn't sell, an' of course they give it to us for talkin' about women wantin' to buy 'em."

"That's all right. We know they're buyin' 'em for themselves right along even if they don't say so. Some of 'em make no bones about it. It's the sort of ones that have trouble followin' the procession."

"I had one lady in here who made three tries at it before she gave it up. She said right out to start with that she wanted 'em for herself and what size did she need?"

"Well, she wasn't so very stout, so I told her she'd better take our smallest size and try that. Of course it tickles 'em 'most to pieces to be told they need the smallest size of anything; an' you can always work 'round gradually to something bigger. So I said she'd better try the smallest."

"What's the waist measure of that one?" says she.

"Forty-two," says I and almost sent her out to a fit.

"As I happen to be only twenty-eight," said she, "you can see for yourself—"

"Well, I could see for myself that even if a 42 inch waistband would go over her hips it might not be necessary for her to stand up till she could get those pajamas off. I explained that to her, and she said she'd better try the smallest."

"What do you think?" was asked by a visitor at the Aquarium. "Do you suppose that that last salamander after eating all the rest finished up by eatin' itself?"

And they said no, they scarcely thought that, but they did think the last one might have died a natural death and that its remains now lay imbedded in the gravel in the bottom of the jar.

TWENTY LITTLE CANNIBALS

Which One After Another Disappeared Until Even the Last Was Gone.

A while ago E. K. Bruce, Jr., of Thornburg, Ia., sent to the Aquarium two little salamanders, one about nine and the other about seven inches in length and with them about a hundred salamander eggs, which he thought the Aquarium people might like to hatch out.

The eggs were placed in a jar by themselves and in the course of time about twenty of them hatched out, the little salamanders being each about three-eighths of an inch in length. At two weeks of age they had grown to be about five-eighths of an inch in length, and then they began to disappear. In two weeks more there was left of the original twenty only three or four.

There was no other form of life in the jar to eat them, and none of the salamanders had died a natural death, and there seemed but one way to account for their disappearance. Like fishes, salamanders are cannibals, they eat one another, and it was altogether probable that the salamanders that disappeared were eaten by their fellows, until, as might be said, the original twenty had been sort of consolidated in these three or four survivors.

Finally these three or four disappeared and the jar was quite empty of animal life, and was left of all the little salamanders not even one.

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ANOTHER SUSPICIOUS ONE.

The Locksmith's Customers Who Don't Like to Give Addresses.

It struck him just after he gave his order to have a duplicate made of a key that it would be a bad thing to give his address too. Even though the locksmith might be and probably was perfectly honest there might be some one in the shop who wasn't and who might take advantage of knowing his address to burglarize him.

So he told the locksmith when the man asked for the address, "Never mind, I'll call back for it."

The locksmith looked at him and said: "I suppose you're one of the suspicious ones. We get them all the time in the trade. There are lots of folks who won't give us their addresses."

ART APPLIED TO TABLEWARE

A FIELD WHERE WOMEN WORKERS HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.

The Calling of the Gold and Silver Smith One That Women Can Follow With Profit—Advice From a Former Art Student Who Now Enjoys a High Salary.

"The profession of gold and silver smith should appeal strongly to women artists," asserted a woman artist who for several years has been earning a high salary from a firm famous for its designs in silver and gold plate. "When I sought and received the position I now occupy my artist friends declared their disgust at my lack of artistic training, painting pictures and modelling figures covered the field of art with them."

"Now that my success is assured and my salary has more than doubled they begin to look upon me more kindly, not to feel that I have disgraced my art. As I never intended to devote myself to painting pictures but used that only as a stepping stone to become an artist in silver and gold, I can't share their feelings."

"While I admire a fine painting and have the greatest respect for the artist, it is because of the greatness of the talent shown and not the method of expression. I believe and always have believed that silver and gold work should call for just as high a grade of talent as canvas and clay."

"Many of the most famous artists in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were wonderful craftsmen and proud of their skill as designers, engravers and gold and silver smiths. The Renaissance goldsmith was a man of distinction even in that most aristocratic age."

"The artists of that period liked to handle beautiful mediums and to develop their beautiful thoughts in precious metals. The result is that the silver and gold plate of that time includes works of art valuable not only because of the metal but also because of its artistic beauty."

"While I hope that my first interest is in the work itself, I cannot but admit that the profession as a means of earning a good living has attractions. I know of many women who are able to live in New York and scattered about the country who are not earning a tenth as much by their pictures as I am by my designs for gold and silver ware."

"The market for paintings is glutted and has been for many years. People are only just beginning to wake up and demand that the gold and silver ware intended for their homes shall be artistically beautiful. That is where the new field for women artists comes in."

"If they want to make a living they must be willing to give people what the people call for. Instead of wearing their lives away painting cheap pictures let them learn to reproduce their artistic conceptions in precious metals and so improve the articles for which there is a steadily increasing demand."

"Hundreds of art students will leave the city within the next few days to spend the summer in the country working over paintings with the hope of selling them next winter. If only a small percentage would devote themselves to gathering ideas and designs to be expressed in gold and silver it would be better for them all, for then there would be fewer paintings to put in frames and more good designs for table and toilet utensils."

"It takes considerable courage to give up pictures and become a designer in wood or metal. The work is far less popular, but it is much better paying."

"There must be special training of course, but that training should supplement, not supplant, the training of the artist. As a designer one must learn to be an artist. That's the idea, and so far as I am concerned its being expressed so crudely does not offend me in the least."

"My artistic training began when I was 15 and thanks to my mother it was led into a practical channel. She was very fond of setting a pretty table and it annoyed her no little to be forced to use several pieces of old silver. She would take the silver and make it into a single piece. She was very fond of setting a pretty table and it annoyed her no little to be forced to use several pieces of old silver. She would take the silver and make it into a single piece."

"Well, I wish you'd teach people to put some of their art into tableware instead of using it all up in pictures. What is the advantage of trying to cultivate the love for the beautiful by hanging good paintings on our walls when three times a day our table is covered with monstrosities in the way of silver?"

"As I had always lived in our little village and looked upon the position of art teacher in our high school as the summit of my ambition I didn't quite understand how I could follow my mother's advice. The next year I came to New York and a new world was opened to me."

"Strange as it may seem, although I admired the painting and sculpture, nothing impressed me so much as the gold and silver ware. Gradually as I was educated, perception of the beautiful came the realization of its crudeness as compared to other branches of art."

"From New York I went to Paris and thence to Berlin, where I took a course in steel engraving in the Craftsman School. It was that course that settled my determination to devote myself to work in gold and silver ware."

"Going next to Dresden, while keeping up my studies as a painter, I learned all there was to be taught of gold and silver smithing. In Vienna it was about the same. From there I returned to Paris, and while working in evening classes I studied during the day in the galleries."

"That summer I joined a class and went into the country and painted several pictures to keep myself going the next winter. I painted them as not before, and in every stroke was the intention of seeking a means to learn better how to express my thoughts in metal. I made also many pen and ink sketches which I have since worked out in silver."

"After that year in Paris I came on to New York and at the beginning of the following year took the position which I hold to-day and which I understand is one of a woman in this country. While I still keep up with my work in both oil and water colors, I find that the best and easiest expression of my thoughts and conceptions is by metal."

"Several of my pieces have received very high praise, and from the best of critics. The way they express their appreciation has very often amused me. The favorite way is by declaring it to be the work of a 'real artist.' That the fact is worth remarking is proof to me of the need for more 'real artists' in the field."

"Of course to be a silversmith or a goldsmith is no more laborious than to be a painter or a sculptor. It requires perseverance and the faculty for taking infinite pains, which so far as I have been able to observe are essential to success in any and every branch of work."

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mothers women may have been satisfied with pewter ware more useful than beautiful, but that time has passed.

"Now the American woman when selecting furnishings for her home wants only the most beautiful. She has been accustomed to silver and gold plate all her life, so the only improvement she can make on that owned by her mother is in the beauty of the design."

"She wants the dreams and work of artists and is willing to pay for them. Why should it be any more degrading for an artist to supply her with artistic implements for her table than for ornaments for her mantel or pictures for her walls?"

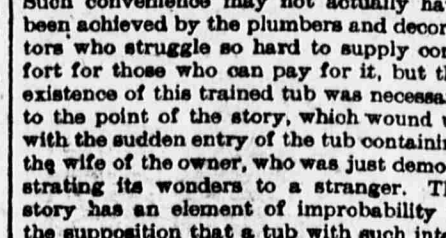
"If I was advising a class of art students I would tell them to think less of expressing their thoughts on canvas and more of putting them into designs for wood and metal. I know of no work in the artistic world where there is as good a field for good artists, especially women, as in silver-smithing and goldsmithing."

"It depends on the way it is done whether it is a trade or becomes an art. With me personally it is as much an art as my painting in oils or my modelling in clay, and I get about ten times as much money as I would if I devoted my time to either of the others."

TWO ENGLISH BATHTUBS.

One in the Kitchen Floor, the Other Kept in a Closet.

There is a certain bathtub known more or less to the history of humor which was so nicely adjusted to the needs of its owner that he had only to touch a button and it came rolling out to the middle of his room. Such convenience may not actually have been achieved by the plumbers and decorators who struggle so hard to supply comfort for those who can pay for it, but the existence of this tub was necessary to the point of the story, which wound up with the sudden entry of the tub containing the wife of the owner, who was just demonstrating its wonders to a stranger. The story has an element of improbability in the supposition that a tub with such in-

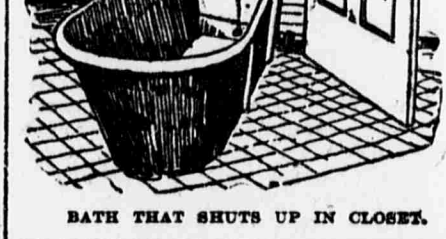


BATH THAT SHUTS UP IN CLOSET.

ligence would have presented its owner's wife to the gaze of his visitors even for the sake of exhibiting its own qualities. No such feat ought to be expected from the kind of bathtubs shown in the picture. They are humbler adjuncts of the home and intended to fill a useful purpose. They are meant for the homes of English workmen, to economize space.

The sunken bath in the family kitchen is intended for small houses of the kind now in the London suburbs for workmen. It has been found most useful in two family houses and saves space needed for a bathroom. It is not nearly so dangerous as it looks here.

The cover, which in the picture is up, completely hides the tub when it is not in use, so there is much less chance in reality than there seems to be from the picture



SUNKEN BATH IN KITCHEN FLOOR.

for the cook to fall in while she is preparing dinner. Nor would there be any likelihood of sparks from the stove falling on the skin of the careless bather, since the fuel is gas. The desirability of taking a bath in the kitchen is of course merely a matter of personal taste.

More desirable and also intended for the bedrooms of houses built for workmen is the other bathtub. That shuts up in such fashion as to require very little space. It is attached to a spring which raises it as soon as it is emptied of a certain weight of water, so there is no danger of its suddenly shutting up with the bather inside of it.

When not in use it is caught at the top, and when the door of the closet in which it stands is closed the tub remains in an upright position. The water and waste pipe are attached to the bottom end of the tub on which it stands in the closet. Once the door is closed the tub is as much out of the way as if it were in a room reserved exclusively for it.

WATERS GO SECOND CABIN, And Not Steerage When They Go Abroad for the Summer.

"I am going to France for the summer," said the waiter in Mouquin's, "and will take my wife and daughter along."

The man who was dining expressed a polite interest. It always interested him when persons he knew went abroad, as for himself he couldn't afford it. He wondered how the waiter could afford it until he remembered the stories he had read about the incomes of waiters.

But in this typically French restaurant there was no extravagant tipping. So he concluded, not unnaturally, that the waiter must be going steady. So he asked: "Expensive trip?"

"Yes," said the waiter, "especially in the summer. My tickets to Paris and return for myself and wife and little girl cost me \$400."

Inquiry revealed that French waiters who make quite frequent trips to the home land usually go second cabin and not steerage. Even in places where the tipping is on a reasonable basis they are able to save for a comfortable trip abroad in as many more than most of the persons they wait on are able to do.